NINETY THIRD YEAR.

ST. LOUIS, MO., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

# THE NEW GIBSON GIRL IS NOT OF LADY VERE DE VERE TYPE.

American Maids Who Would Follow the Artist's Latest Model Must Be Graceful but Not Haughty.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 20.-There is a new Gibson girl. She is a pretty pattern, too, for other maidens to follow. She is bright and winsome and not at all like the old Gibson girl-tall and slender, of the Lady

Vere de Vere type.

In everyday life this newest girl—with a smile that is bewiching—is Georgie Howard. She is a native of Philadelphia and still lives, with her mother and sister, in the house where she was born. Miss Howard attended the public schools and when



The Gibson girl at home is a very inter-esting personage. It was in her bright sit-ting-room that the writer learned of this girl's chief ambition. It is rather too prac-tical, however, to associate with a model, and an artist's studio, and all that sort of thing. Landscape gardening is the work that this young woman would prefer to do. She says that she weaves her ideas in the open air and not over a desk in a dingy effice. On a large table in the room where Miss Howard does her drawing, there is a big portfolio filled with diagrams, colored



TWO POSES OF GEORGIE HOWARD, GIBSON'S NEW MODEL, COMPARED WITH THE OLD STYLE "GIB-

dancer.

Miss Howard is of a retiring disposition and for this reason she is still almost in the ranks of amateurs. Though she has traveled much, she insists that there is nothing of interest in her life to relate to the public, and seems to be more pleased at being selected as the new Gibson girl than with any other honor that has come to her. Miss Howard does not wish to be regarded as a professional model. This is her first possing.

The tail girl with long straight lines will throwing the chest out and standing so that soon be entirely forgotten if the new Gibson girl is to become the ideal of the would fall straight down to the feet.

**CONFEDERATE GENERAL** 

Has Entered a Baltimore In-

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 20.—The widow of the celebrated Confederate leader, Stonewall Jackson, arrived in Baltimore a short time

ago and is at present in an infirmary on

**WIDOW OF FAMOUS** 

firmary.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

aptitude for music and was a wonderfully graceful dancer. After her school days were over she went with her twin sister. Blanche, on the stage, and the two girls attracted constilerable attention by their specialty. Georgie especialty made a hit by her imitation of Otero, the Spanish dancer.

Miss Howard is of a retiring disposition. and white from the pages of magazines

The height of the new model is medium Her eyes and hair are dark, and the way her hair ripples and swirls above a smooth and womanly brow is altogether fetching. In the latest gowns, with sloping waistline, the model's figure is perfection. In
the Gibson picture she will stand erect,
with back not too straight, but with a
graceful curving-in that comes through
throwing the chest out and standing so that
if a line were drouged from the chin it

with the ease of a master, showing how certain equations full of X2 plus Y solved certain disputed points in the vistas facing a river. In another place was a bunch of figures and letters which, when explained, turned out to be the treatment of a curved was distributed.

turned out to be in treatment of a curved read skirting a wall or rock, with a sloping bank of grass on the lower side.

The Gibson girl alive is a plump and jolly little body, with no frills or affectations. Ferhaps when Mr. Gibson reveals her to you upon paper she may have a few airs and graces that you may not detect about her at home, but then this is just an artist's way.

#### TALLEST CLASS OF FRESHMEN ENROLLED AT GIRLS' COLLEGE. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson Is Ill and

Maidens of Splendid Physique Who Will Study Hard, Play Golf and Go Hunting. Jackson, arrived in Baltimore a short time ago and is at present in an infirmary on North Broadway for treatment.

Mrs. Jackson is now over 70 years old, and though suffering and sorrow have added their traces to those of the passing years her face still retains much of the fascination and beauty which enthralled the then awkward, diffident young military cadet from Lexington when he first met her as Anna Morrison at the home of General David Hill. Her black, huxuriant hair has yet few traces of gray, and her great black eyes, partly dimmed as they are by tears, are piercing and instrous still.

Since the death of Mrs. Jackson's only child, Mrs. Christian, several years ago, she has devoted her life to her grandchildren, who reside with her. Her home is a plain two-story building on Trade street, in Charlotte, N. C. To the unpretentious dwelling, howaver, a picturesque charm is given by try and madeira vines climbing at will about the veranda; violet-bordered walks leading to the hospitable doorway and stately magnollas casting their luxuriant foliage over the whole. Within is the refined atmosphere of a typical Southern homa. In the drawing-room the most conspicuous object is a large oil painting of General Jackson. Portraits of other heroes whose memories are still sacred in the hearts of oild Confederates are also hung everywhere upon the walls, interspersed with tattered flags and other trophics of the lost cause.



THE TALLEST GIRLS ALWAYS TAKE THE MASCULINE PARTS.

been enrolled as freshmen in Smith Col-

lege. At Smith, however, they do not call the girls "freshmen," but "first-year pu-plis," for this is considered more elegant in a college where only girls are admitted. The first train into Northampton depot the day before college opened brought a tail, blond miss that towered above the

polite brakeaner and gallant conductor who offered to help her off with her two dress-suit cases and a box or two of candy. Since

then tall girls have been steadily alighting at the depot, and they say about town that the average height of the new class is 5 feet 10 inches. Whenever a tall girl, with rosy cheeks, and a Tam o' Shanter cap pinned on her head, comes in sight the whisper goes around that she is from Smith College.

College.
Some time ago some one made the disquieting announcement that the Eastern college girl did not begin to compare in stature with her Western sisters, and that

the Eastern girl student was growing thin-

ner, paler and smaller because of her close

SIX DOLLARS WEEKLY. Finding Even This Sum Hard to Collect, Preacher Resigns His

PASTOR'S SALARY

Here the widow of one of the greatest military geniuses the world has ever known has bassed her peaceful days, busied with her household duties or superintending the education of her grandchildren until now, when disease has laid its unmerciful grasp upon her, causing her to relinquish all her pleasant tasks into younger and stronger hands. It is hoped, however, that the intended operation will prove successful, in which case a reasonable amount of health will be regained.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL Park Ridge, N. J., Oct. 19.-The Congresational Church in this place is again without a pastor, and the church has been closed. The Reverend John W. Cooper is the last occupant of the pulpit to resign for the same reason as his predecessors, alleged

the last occupant of the pulpit to resign for the same reason as his predecessors, alleged inability of the congregation to pay his salary of \$6 per week.

When the Reverend Mr. Cooper came to Park Ridge he was said to be an advocate of up-to-date methods, and the young people were interested. The first thing he did was to advertise in the local papers that he was prepared at all times to officiate at weddings, christenings and funerals. This did not bring any material business to the new pastor, but he was not discouraged. He, it is said, noticed that a good portion of his congregation persisted in occupying the rear pews near the door. It was hinted that some of the young folk had a habit of slipping out the door just before the collection was taken up. The pastor moved the pulpit to the center of the aisle leading to the door. This change was not popular with a majority of the congregation, and the attendance grew slimmer and the collections smaller.

The Congregational Church is owned by James Leach, a New York business man, whose home is in Park Ridge. He has been an earnest worker in the church and superintendent of the Sunday school. Mr. Leach has become discouraged with the lack of interest shown in he church, and he said to-day that he would have nothing more to do with it.

represents the robust, out-of-door girl, who Boston, Mass., Oct. 20.-There are two absorbing topics of conversation in North-ampton just now. One is the coming coon hunt and the other is the tall girls that have just landed in the town and have

represents the robust, out-of-door girl, who has come with the summer ton and sunburn on her face to con her lessons with a vigor that it will be good to see.

Tradition has it that the average height of the girl of "college age" is 5 feet 4 inches. A number of colleges sustain this. But an average of 5 feet 19 inches! This is breaking the record. It is not an invasion of Western girls, either, that has raised the record for height at Smith College. Nearly all of the "first-year pupils" are daughters of New England. There have been 34 new names enrolled. The entering class of last year mambered 26. The sophomore class this year has 25 members, the junior 23 and the senior 23.

The maids at Smith College act as their own caddies. It isn't unpleasant, either, to see the easy grace with which they carry a burden of golf sticks across their shoulders. Later on in the season there will be the dramas, in presenting which the tallest girls always take the masculine parts. The "freshles" may be expected to be pressed into service in this line, and the girls are all congratulating themselves that there will be tull girls, and to spare this year.

into service in this line, and the girls are all congratulating themselves that there will be tall girls, and to spare this year.

And the coon hunt—that has something to do also with Smith College, and the tall girls, for it is at the college that the plan for the hunt is being fostered. The residents of the town are on the alert, for at the first after-dark barking of dogs heard in the woods round about they will know that the "tall girls," and others, are having their expected lark.

ner, paler and smaller because of her close application to books. Northampton is, therefore, much elated over the proud showing at Smith.

Mr. George W. Cable, the celebrated author, who comes from the land where Creole belies are prettily small, exclaimed: "Verily, the Amazons have captured the city!" And the editor of the town paper sought his den and wrote a "greeting to the tail girl."

The tail girls are young and wear their hair down their backs in braids, as schoolgirls should. The new freshman class

## REINA MERCEDES UP FOR REPAIRS.

Later On Uncle Sam Will Put His Valuable Capture in First-Class Shape.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 20.- The Reina Meredes, the big steel cruiser captured from Spain at Santiago, is at last at rest in Pertsmouth Navy Yard, where she will loubtless remain for generations, as a visile evidence of American navat prowess. This splendid fighting ship is the finest war This splendid fighting ship is the finest war trophy in the possession of our Government. Japan is the only other Power in the world with modern warships captured from an enemy. England has not been engaged in a mixal war since the day of modern battleships. The former Chinese ships now in the possession of Japan, and the former Spanish ships in the possession of Uncie Sam, of which the Reina Mercedes is by far the largest and most valuable specimen. sam, of which the terms acreedes is by far-the largest and most valuable specimen, possess, therefore, a psculfar value and in-terest. The Reina Mercedes reached her permanent berth in Portsmouth several weeks ago, and is now undergoing tempor-

permanent berth in Portsmouth several weeks ago, and is now undergoing temportry repairs.

At present there is no specific sum available for re-equipping this souvenir of Santingo, but Congress will probably be asked this winter to appropriate a sum sufficient to make her presentable. The reinvenated leina Mercedes will be an interesting object lesson in naval history when the babies of to-day are grandparents.

The Reina Mercedes is 275 feet 16 inches long, 42 feet 7 inches beam and 15 feet 5 inches draught, a single-screw steel-holled vessel, quite as large as many of the transsaliantic liners, having more than 2,00 tons displacement. She was bark rigged, and carried a complement of nearly 40 men.

She has no protective deck, but in 1857, when the Reina Mercedes was built at Carthagena, protective decks were a rarify. Her speed, it a knots made her a valuable integer in Spain's maritime possessions.

There are no ships in the American ravy with which any sort of precise comparison may be made, but the Boston and the Atlanta ate of the same length and displacement, though much heavier in armament and with greater indicated horsepower.

In condition the Reina Mercedes was

ment and with greater indicated horse-power.

In condition the Reina Merceles was much switter than our Chicago, Boston or Atlanta. She had five fixed torpedo tubes and one launching carriage. Her coal ca-pacity was 600 tons, and when launched, thirteen years ago, her indicated horse-pow-er was 4,500. From neglect and misman-agement this subsequently fell to 3,700 horse-tower.

chriteen years ago, her indicated horse-power was 1892. From neglect and mismanagement this subsequently fell to 3,700 horse-power.

Her arinament consisted of six 6.2-inch Hontoria breechloaders, mounted in sponsons, two 27-inch Hontorias, three 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, two machine guns, two 4-pounders and six 3-pounders. In May, 1898, herfore our fleet penned Cervera in Santiago harbor, two of the 6-inch guns were removed and mounted on the creat of Socapabattery, on the left of the entrance to the harbor. These guns fired shells weighing II2 pounds. One in the aft sponson, port side, of the Reina Mercedea, all rusted and covered with barnacles, to-day, is alone worth a trip to the Fortsmouth Navy Yard to see. So much for the material side.

Everybody knows how carefully England has preserved her naval relics. The English now have anchored in the Thames an American warship, the President, bearing the figurehead of John Adams on the bow, and captured from us in the War of 1812. They also had the Chesapeake, but she was broken up. We have many English naval relics, but no English ship entire.

As she now lies tightly hawsered to two mushroom anchors she is a picture of ruin. Her rusty, crushed and wrecked galley, where twenty-four men were killed in an instant by a 12-inch shell from the Massachusetts and their bodies scalded, bespeaks a terrible lesson. No one is on board the Reina Mercedes now save a grave, tactium boatkeeper, who has a bunk in what was once a richly-furnished officer's cabin.

Now and then a bit of rusty fromwork, exposed to wind and weather, breaks off and goes clattering down the riddle berth deck, and clanks against the bull with a hollow echo following after. The wind whistles hoarsely through the wreckage, and suidenly the breech of a torpedo-tube tangs smartly against the bolt latch. In the moonlight ghostly figures seem to beek-on in the shadows of the hull.

When Hobson and his men lay clinsing to a raft in the murky waters of Santiago Hay, after the sinking of the Merrimac, a laun

#### GIRL SCIENTIST

#### MAKES A DISCOVERY.

No Longer May the Chicken "Pip" Parasite Pursue His Work in Security.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 20.—For ways that are dark the chicken "pip" parasite has held the record for a long time. Poultry raisers for years have labored in vain to raisers for years have labored in vain to discover the cause of the disease that laid some of their finest feathered products low. Now Miss Grace Norris appears on the scene and says she has found the thy but wicked little worm, and many raisers of chickens rise up and call her blessed.

Miss Norris is a second-year student in the Syrachuse Medical College, where she has distinguished herself by her work in biology and her skill in analytical dissection.

has distinguished herself by her work in biology and her skill in analytical dissection.

"I always liked fowls and animals," says Miss Norris. "I lived on a farm part of each year, and they were my chief companions. One winter, when I was a child, I trained a pair of geese to draw my handsled. They drove well together, and I was the envy of the neighborhood.

"I also had a collection of field mice, which I caught one by one by chasing them in the fields and putting my foot down on them lightly and grabbing them up in my hands. I kept them in a box in the harn and fed them there, and I got very much attached to them.

"One cold night I was afraid they would freeze in the barn, and I got up after the family had gone to bed and brought the box into the kitchen. There were forty of the mice, and in the morning there wasn't anything left to cal in the house. They had got into the pantry and cleaned everything up. The next day grandma set traps all over the place and caught thirty of them. I daren't confess to her about them.

"I never knew them to come in such swarms before, said grandma, as she drowned my mice.

"Last spring I spent my vacation on a farm at Richfield Springs, where large numbers of fowls were raised. I noticed that some of the young chickens, turkeys and goslings would open their mouths, gasp for breath and at the end of a few days die, apparently from lack of air. Practically this was all the chicken farmers knew about it.

"For the next four months I did nothing."

die, apparently from lack of air. Practically this was all the chicken farmers knew about it.

"For the next four months I did nothing but study and experiment with the disease. The results of the investigation showed a parasite hitherto unknown. It is bright pink in color, about a haif inch long and twisted in shape. It has an appendage near one end, which gives it a forked appearance like the letter Y. This appendage fastens itself firmly to the mucous membrane of the chicken's trachea, forming in masses, which close the air passage and cause death.

"The worm, or parasite, is pointed at the single end, where the mouth is located. When it has reached maturity the parasite, which I have named Habita trachena, emerges from the nostrils of the fowl, drops to the ground, deposits its ova and dies. The fowls, by scratching in the soil, cause these eggs to float in the air; they are breathed into the trachea, and the cycle of generation begins anew.

"I found an average of twenty parasites in each fowl I examined.

"Authorities have never agreed as to the cause of the disease, and a successful remedy has therefore never been found. A hooked wire apparatus is frequently used. The wire is run down the trachea, but, since this method nextly always kills the fowl, it can't be called successful.

"In my experiments the only effective treatment was to prevent the disease by keeping the fowls on fresh soil, where poultry had never been kept before. Of course, there were no eggs to be inhaled and they did not contract the disease."

## BLIND BRIDEGROOM RECOVERS SIGHT AT ALTAR.



were handsomely paid to coach and espe-cially fit the young man to follow in the political footsteps of Sir William, his father,

who, as vice president of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education, is virtually the Minister of Public Instruction of the lend to the occasion a most happy flavor, and now that the talented son of so il-lustrious a sire has embarked simultaneousy upon the seas of matrimony and politics all England is predicting for the young man Hart Dyke, who is about 24 years of age, in spite of complete blindness extending over a period of fourteen years, is a graduate, with high honors, of Cambridge. Through-out his school and college career he was un-

It was in the church, when he to go up to the altar to marry the lovely daughter of Admiral Cave, that the son of daughter of Admiral Cave, that the son of Sir William Hart Dyke received his sight, the surgeon who had treated him for ten years removing the bandages from his eyes. The young benedict is a very brilliant the Minister of Public Instruction of the I British Empire, and as such occupies a seat in the Salisbury Cabinet.

For a long time past the bridegroom has been undergoing treatment by the most noted of English specialists, and while they have all along held out encouragement for the restoration of his sight, it was at the instance of the young man himself that the moment for the supreme test was made identical with the moment of his supreme languages.

The young benedict is a very brilliant young man, and his parents' favorite. He is regarded as likely to achieve the same amount of political distinction as the late Professor Faweett, who, in spite of being entirely blird, held a chair at the University of Oxford, and who remains on record as identical with the moment of his supreme languages.

### ADRIFT FOR EIGHT DAYS WITHOUT A DROP OF WATER.

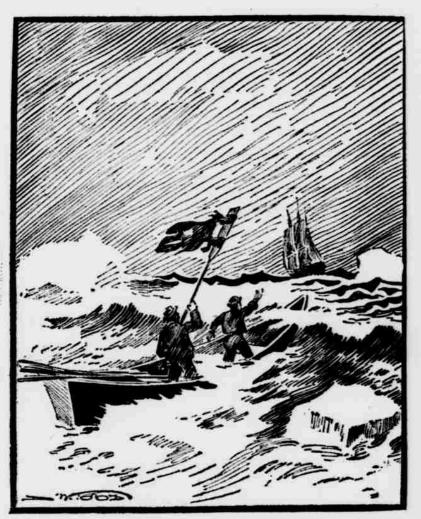
Although the marriage was solemnized on Friday—that day so often shunned by mat-

ing couples-the restoration of the bride-groom's sight, though but partial, served to

der the tutelage of special instructors, who happiners.

a brilliant future.

Two Miners in an Open Boat Rescued Before Reason Had Entirly Deserted Them.



ONE OR THE OTHER WOULD SHOUT. "A SAIL! A SAIL!" BUT THE PHANTOM SHIP WOULD SAIL AWAY.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 26.-Wild and weird

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 20.—Wild and weird are the tales of suffering that the sea could tell, but none, perhaps, would be more filled with the details of mental and bodily anguish than that which two Alaskan miners, recently brought to this port, are now telling.

There are lines of suffering, deep-graven on the faces of Samuel Dutton and John Bauer, who tossed for eight days on a pitiless sea, in an open boat, without a bite to eat or a drop of water, except the brilay water of the ocean, which they, in their mad trist, tried to moisten their lips with. The officers of the Centennial, the ship that rescued them, say that the unfortunate men were so nearly on the verge of mainess when they were picked up that at first fears were entertained for their reason. They saw phantom ships in the sky and fancied they were drinking plenty of cold water when a cupful could not be poured down their parched throats, because of the paralyzed muscles. It was hours before they could be relieved by a drink of fresh water.

The miners started out from Nome on

water.

The miners started out from Nome on September 15 in their listle open boat, intending to round the cape on a prospecting trip. They were caught in a storm the following day and were blown far out to sea. The water cask was knocked overboard

boat, and soon the unfortunate men were lifted in strong arms and carried on board ship. They were put to bed and everything possible done to relieve their sufferings.

The doctors say that both will recover. The horrible situation of staring death in the face for not moments, but days, has wrought great havon to their nerves, but reason has returned and good nursing in being depended upon to restore the unfortunate gold-seekers to health.

## **GATHERING SNAKES**

#### FOR MARKET

Here Is a Profitable Industry That Would Not Attract One by Its.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL

Portland, Ore., Oct. 20.—The snake inbut it is profitable. The snakes that abound in this locality are particularly destrable in this locality are particularly desirable-because of the excellent quality of oil that can be made from them, and this is what the snake harvest must yield. A short time ago Postmaster Castel of Klamath Falls received an order from a

snake-oil refinery in St. Paul for "four hun-dred pounds of the best snakes," and since then business has been looking up in the snake fields.

then business has been looking up in the snake fields.

Being confronted with a snake famine in his part of the country, the Minnesotaman, having heard of the excellence of the Klamath Falls snake, wrote the Postmaster for information as to prices and ordered a big shipment. At first the letter was put aside as a joke, but when Mr. Castel got to thinking the matter over, he decided that it might not be intended that way, as he recalled something he once heard about snake oil being used in certain kinds of medicine, so he answered the latter, saying he could furnish the best sort of snakes at 5 cents a pound. The order for the 60 pounds has been filled, and the snake oil man has further announced, by mail, that he will probably want 80 pounds more.

Now that the household snake of Klamath has been given a marketable value, his popularity as a resident of the domestic hearth, and play-fellow of the children is being weighed in the balance and found wanting. It is seen now that his company may be dispensed with without breaking up the family to any noticeable extent; and already every other member of the family has turned against him and is plotting for his deportation to Minnesota by slow freight at so much per pound.

He is caught in the bare hand and carried in armfuls to a box and dumped in, until there's a whole case of interwoven, squirming, matted reptiles packed squarely into the box and nailed up. One man may take a stroll in any direction, and in the course of an hour or two catch a hundred snakes. At the rate of 25 cents a pound, this fifty pounds of stringy live stock is worth \$12.50—a fair wage for a day's labor. No wonder Mr. Castel took a chance and told the writer of his strange letter that he would be willing to furnish all the snakes required for a quarter a pound.

But while Mr. Castel has the ear of the Minnesota market, there are others who

willing to furnish all the snakes required for a quarter a pound.

But while Mr. Castel has the ear of the Minnesota market, there are others who pursue snakes no less busily and intend to make a living thereby. There are just as good snakes in the valley as ever were caught out of it, they aver, and if anybody wants to buy snake meat at 25 cents a pound they are going to do some of the furnishing themselves and not let Mr. Castel have a monopoly in it.

OULD SAIL AWAY.

and throughout a long, lonely week and a day, with alternating sunshino and the blackness of night, the hopeless men tossed with death starting them in the face. The boundless ocean swept round them on every side. Out and out they drifted with not a strip of land in sight or the sail of a ship to raise hope for a moment, if no more, in their breasts.

Once or twice there were slight showers and they were able to catch a few ounces of water in a piece of canvas sail that was left in the boat. On the fifth day the men began to grow dizzy and delirious. One or the other would shout, "A sail! a mali!" but the phantom ship would sail away and the awful stillness that followed the sound of their voices would add to the horror of the loneliness.

After the fifth day the castaways knew little or nothing. They sat upright with staring eyes that looked across the sweep of waters, but saw nothing. When the Centential at last came in sight the men made no effort to attract her attention. Had they tired they would not have been able to creatures to a visitor going for a stroil through the reighborhood. Unless warned beforehand, he would undoubtedly imagine hout had been seen, and the ship altered its course until it drew near. The men in the boat heeded not the voices that called to them.

Quickly orders were given to lower a